



La Vergne inv.

E. Kirkall sculp.



La Vergne inv.

E. Kirkall sculp.

THE
RESURRECTION.
A
POEM.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.

*Venient citò Sacula, cum jam
Socius Calor ossa revisat,
Animataque Sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet.* Prud.

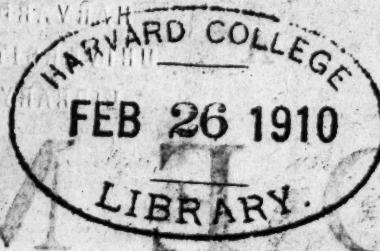


L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleet-street. 1718.

Price Six Pence.

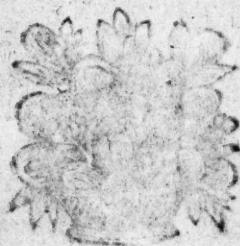
ИОНЭЯДЯ



Castle fund

• BOUND. APR 4 1911

BOUND. APR 4 1911



HAIR & NAILS

Highland Golf Club in Heidelberg 1898



THE PREFACE.

THE following Lines are esteemed by the best Judges to be the finest Sketch of the *Resurrection*, that any Age or Language hath produced: Nor do their only Excellence consist in being an

A 2 accurate

accurate *Poem*; but also in being an exact Copy of the Painter's* Original upon the *Altar* in *Magdal-en* College; but so much improved with all the strongest Figures and most lively Embellishments of a poetical Description, that the *Reader* receives a double Satisfaction in seeing the two Sister-Arts so useful to each other in borrowing mutual Helps, and mutual Advantages.

It is, indeed, wonderful to find in the narrow Compafs of so few Pages all the most dreadful Circumstances of that last terrible Crisis of Time: The *Poem* is a beautiful and succinct *Epitome* of all that hath or can ever be said

* *Old Fuller.*

on

on that important Subject ; the very Text, which the ingenious Mr. *Young* hath so largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon in his excellent Poem on the LAST DAY.

Mr. *Addison* is to be distinguish'd thro' all his Performances both *Latin* and *English*, (and in his *Latin*, particularly in the following one, and that on the Peace of *Riswick*), by the strength of his Images, and by a forcible and unaffected vivacity of Expression, which none of our Moderns have attain'd to in so much Perfection ; and which is very rarely to be met with even in any of the Antients since *Virgil* and *Horace*.

Having

Having mention'd Mr. *Addison*, I cannot avoid congratulating my Country on his Preferment to one of her greatest Civil Employments; nor forbear observing how happy we are in a KING, who hath shown the World that he will distribute his Favours amongst those only, whom Merit and Virtue shall recommend to his Service.

With what uncommon Lustre must that Man appear to Posterity, who is not only the best Writer and most candid Patron of the Age he lives in; but also the finest Gentleman, the sincerest Friend, the most affectionate Husband, the most accomplish'd States-

Statesman, and the most exemplary Christian? Under every one of these Views Mr. *Addison* gains the Esteem and Admirati-
on even of the bitterest Enemies to that Cause which he so warmly espouses; of the most furious Partisans and the most prejudic'd of Mankind.

I must forbear to enlarge any farther on the Character of that truly great and good Man, lest I draw upon my self the imputati-
on of a Flatterer, by relating what all the World (except him-
self only) will allow to be the severest Truth.

I shall make no excuse for offering the following Poem to the
World

World in an *English Dress*,
and under all the Disadvantages
of an imperfect Translation. I
have often read it in the Original
with the greatest Pleasure and Sa-
tisfaction; and I hope it will need
no Apology to be willing to com-
municate so useful and sublime an
Entertainment, in the best man-
ner I can, to those of my Fellow-
Subjects who are not qualify'd to
read it in the *Latin Original*.

THE



RESURRECTIO

DELINNEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores;

Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora;

Judicis, & simulacra modis pallentia miris

Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmine Musa

Pande novo, vatiqne sacros accende furores.

Olim Planitiem (quam nunc fecunda Colorum)

Insignit Pictura) in honesto & simplece cultu,

Vestit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem

Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ

Substravit Pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem.

Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso

Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)

Nè spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,

Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia latè

Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat Æther;

Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum

Titan, & pallens alienos mitius ignes

Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris

B Scin.

Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffuere in Cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia Pictor,
Dum sorbet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercebat calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, onines
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, & Picturatum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema Ministris,
Sparsaque per totam Cœlestis turba Tabellari,
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditar, tabularique per iniam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, & pluriima surgit imago.

Sie, dum fecundis *Cadmus* dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calefacit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prædiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter veras teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscerit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque in honesto vulnera nares
Manca, & adhuc deest informi de Corpore multum
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus,
Inficit his horror vultus, & iniugno tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos Spectator, & ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,

Qua.

Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine persus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flaminæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet Ignis ocellis,
 Plurimaque effalget Majestas Numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
 Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat !
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum viora fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petuit cælum, & super æthera vectus
 Despexit Lunam exiguum, Solemque minorem.

Jam latus effossuæ, & palmas ostendit utrasque,
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, & transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
 Matres, & longæ mentis reddita Corpora vitæ
 Infantum, Juvenes, Riseri, innuptæque Puellæ
 Stant circum, & quoque avidos jubat immortale bibentes
 Affigunt oculos in Nominis, Laudibus æther
 Intonat, & latè ridet Cælum omne triumpho.
 His Amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitam, quoque in ipso ore servent.
 Non æquè exultat flagrantि corde Sibylla,
 Hosque cura tulet incluso, & præcordia fentis
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor ?
 Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit Pictor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulo, Alatoque Satellite fultam ?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
 Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat :
 Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago !
 Quando alium similem virtus habitura !

Irati innocuas securus Numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.

Quin age, & horrentem commixtis Igne tenebris
Jam videoas scenam, multo hic stagnantia fuso
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto Sulphure rivum
Fingunt, & falsus tanta arte acceditur Ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Lividæ serpat opus, tenuisque absunpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, & rugis contrahit ora
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, & sensim
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu ! quid agat tristis ? quid se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat ? o ! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere ! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, & sero in lacrymas effunditur ; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorabile Numen.

Quam varias apérit veneres Pictura, periti
Quot calamis legimus vestigia ! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert ! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumen floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, & gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate Colores !
Nec, Pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videoas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd. 1698.



THE
RESURRECTION
POEM.



HE Pencil's glowing Lines and
vast Command,
And Mankind rising from the
Painter's Hand,

The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,

And Spectres trembling at the dreadful sight,

B

To

2 A POEM on the Resurrection.

To sing, O! Muse, the pious Bard inspire,
And waken in his Breast the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, shines in State;
And left some little Interval confess
It's ancient simple Form, and homely Dress,
The skilful Artist laid o'er every Part,
The first Foundation of his future Art,
O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,
And with thick Daubings all the Wall o'erspread.
As e'er yon spangling Orbs were hung on high,
Lest one great Blank should yawn thro' bound-
less Sky,
Thro'

A Poem on the Resurrection. 3

Thro' the wide heavenly Arch, and trackless
Road

In Azure volumes the pure *Aether* flow'd ;
The *Sun* at length burns out, intensely bright,
And the pale *Crescent* sheds her borrow'd
Light ;
With thick-sown Stars the radiant *Pole* is
crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long Tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Groundwork of the Piece was laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art display'd,
With flower Hand, and Pencil more divine
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line,

4 A POEM on the Resurrection.

Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute Groupè of Images appears.

Celestial Guards the topmost height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall descend ;
With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions
wind,
Whose dreadful Clangors startle all Mankind ;
Ev'n the Dead hear ; the Lab'ring Graves Con-
ceive,
And the swoln Clod in Picture seems to heave :
Ten thousand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Courses
rise.

A Poem on the Resurrection. 5

So when fam'd *Cadmus* sow'd the fruitful Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow
swell'd ; *He* calls on them to rise, and to rise
From the warm Soil sprung up a warlike Train,
And Human harvests cover'd all the Plain.

And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The scatter'd Dust is call'd to second Birth ;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the Grass :
The sever'd Body now unites again,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men ;

The

6 A POEM on the Resurrection.

The various Joynts resume their ancient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats. line 03
Here an imperfect Form returns to Light, line 04
Not half renew'd, dishonest to the Sight; line 05
Maim'd of his Nose appears his blotted Face, line 06
And scarce the Image of a Man we trace; line 07
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the first Motion to the panting Clay: line 08
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare, line 09
And all the Figure labours with *Despair*. line 10

From Scenes like these now turn thy wond'ring

Sight,

And, if thou can't withstand such Floods of

Light,

Look !

A POEM on the Resurrection. 7

Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the middle Space;
The Godhead op'ning in his awful Face;
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence
shed,
And how the pointed Radiance crowns his
Head!
Around his Temples lambent Glories shine,
And on his Brow sits Majesty Divine;
His Eye-balls lighten the Celestial Fires,
And ev'ry Grace to Speak the God conspires.

How chang'd from him, who came to be Be-
tray'd,
And who for Man the precious Ransom paid!

Who

8 A POEM on the Resurrection.

Who did on Earth such arduous Toils sustain,
And patient bore an irksom Life of Pain ?
But Death and Hell subdu'd, the Deity
Ascends Triumphant to his native Sky ;
And rising far above th' *A* Ethereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminish'd to his Sight.

And now to View he bare'd his bleeding side,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimson
dy'd ;

Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the transfixing Steel.

Hither in Crouds the *Blessed* shape their Flight,
And throng the Mansions of Immortal Light ;

A POEM on the Resurrection. 17

9

The fruitful Matron and the spotless Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round ; and drinking in Celestial Rays,
On their REDEEMER fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns resound with Hymns of
Praise.

Each Bosom Kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conscious Raptures all the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures swell the *Sybil's* Breast,
When by the inmate Deity possest'd ;
When *Phœbus* the Prophetic Maid inspires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulsive Fires.

But whence this sudden Blaze of dazzling Light!
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight?

C

Forth

10
18 A POEM on the Resurrection.

Forth from a stately Tomb he lifts his Head,
And to the Skies on Angels Wings is sped.
I know the Form--- alike the Look and Mien,
Another * WAINFLET in his Face is seen :
When will, alas ! such spotless Worth be found ?
When will a Mind with equal Virtues crown'd ?
Fearless he sees almighty Vengeance rise,
And fixes on his GOD his guiltless Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our Wonder
claim,
Horrent with Darkness and Malignant Flame ;

* William Wainflet, Bishop of Winchester. He was the Founder of Magdalen College, and the Hall adjoining.

But

A POEM on the Resurrection. 19.

The labour'd Wall delusive Picture hides
And liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides ;
So Strong, so fierce, the painted Flames arise,
The pale Spectator views them with surprize ;
Believes the blazing Wall indeed to burn,
And fears the Frame should into Ashes turn.
Hither in ghastly Croud's the Guilty haste,
Obscene with Horroun and with shame defac'd ;
With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnash their foamy Teeth, and frown
severe.

A stern Avenger, with relentless Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, stalks behind ;
With which, as once from Paradise he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.

20 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

What shall he do forlorn ? or whither fly,
To shun the Ken of an All-seeing Eye ?
What would he give amongst the Just to shine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine ?
But oh ! too late in Sighs he vents his Woe,
Too late his Eyes with gushing Tears o'erflow !
Vain are his Sighs and fruitless are his Tears,
Vengeance and Justice stop th' Almighty's Ears.

See ! with what various Charms the Piece is
fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment
wrought !
With how much Grace the living Colours glow !
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow ;
When

A POEM on the Resurrection. 13

When the fresh Show'rs her various Lustre
share,

And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the Air.

O ! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor wastful Time their shining Charms invade,
Till the first Dawn of that Eternal Light,
Which by his fruitful Pencil shines so Bright.

F I N I S.



BOOKS

BOOKS lately Printed for E. CURR.

- I. *THE Artful Wife*, a Comedy. Price 1 s.
- II. The Poetical Works of *Nicolas Rowe*, Esq; Pr. 4 s.
- III. *Esther Queen of Persia*. A Poem in Four Books. By *Mr. Henley*. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.
- IV. *Boileau's Lutrin*: and his Art of Poetry. Adorn'd with Cuts. Pr. 2 s. 6 d.
- V. The Poetical Works of the late Earl of *Halifax*. To which is prefix'd his Lordship's Life, including the History of his Times, and a Character of his Writings, by *Mr. Addison*. Pr. 5 s.
- VI. Letters, Poems, and Tales, Amorous, Satyrical and Gallant, which pass'd between *Dr. Swift*, *Mrs. Long*, the Lady *Mary Chambers*, Lady *Betty Cromwell*, Sir *William Wyvil*, Col. *Codrington*, and other Persons of Distinction. Pr. 2 s.
- VII. *Mr. Dennis' Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer*. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.
- VIII. *The Confederates*. A Farce. By *Mr. Joseph Gay*. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.
- IX. *The Hoop-Petticoat*: An Heroi-Comical Poem. By *Mr. Joseph Gay*. Pr. 1 s.
- X. *The Art of Dress*. An Heroi-Comical Poem. Pr. 1 s.
- XI. *The Rape of the Smock*. An Heroi-Comical Poem. Pr. 1 s.
- XII. *Mr. Pomfret's Poems*, Pr. 2 s.
- XIII. *Mr. Young's Poem on the Last Day*. The Third Edition corrected throughout, and very much improv'd. Adorn'd with three curious Cuts. 120 Pr. 1 s.
- XIV. The History of the Lady *Jane Gray*. A Poem in two Books. By *Mr. Young*. Adorn'd with Cuts. 80. Pr. 1 s.
- XV. *Mac-Dermot*: Or, *The Irish Fortune-Hunter*. A Poem in Six Cantos. Pr. 1 s.
- XVI. *Pope's Miscellany*, &c. in Two Parts, Compleat. Price 1 s.
- XVII. *The Rape of the Bucket*: An Heroi-Comical Poem. 80. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.
- XVIII. A Second Collection of Poems. By *Matthew Prior*, Esq; 80. Pr. 1 s.
- XIX. *Mr. Philips's Poems*. Pr. 1 s.
- XX. *Mr. Reynardson's Poems*. Pr. 1 s.
- XXI. *Mr. Sewell's Poems*. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.